THE UNDERGRADUATE.

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THE UNDERGRADUATE.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

AT the close of the athletic season we can congratulate ourselves on the showing we have made in trying to arouse a feeling of enthusiasm on the subject. When anything has lain dormant for some time, it is, of course, hard to arouse it into full vigor at once, but we are sure that athletics have now been placed on a firm basis. Material has been developed which promises great success in the spring meet. If records are not broken then, it will be on account of only one thing and that is lack of hard, earnest practice in the gymnasium this winter. We can not expect to go out on the track next spring and do creditable work unless we have kept in good physical condition during the months between now and the time when the weather will permit us to get out doors again for our work. For the credit of the college as well as for individual honor it is sincerely to be hoped that this matter will not be neglected, but that the "gym" will be crowded during the winter days.

IT is not often that an editor will criticise his own paper, but being in an especially cynical mood, we feel constrained to write a few words on this subject. Enough has been said in previous issues, reiterated and reiterated, on the lack of support, so that any criticisms in that vein would be scarcely necessary, to say the least. But we feel almost ashamed at the bareness of our paper in appearance. Devoid of any artistic features, never graced with a cut, it hardly presents an attractive sight to the eye. There may be virtue in Spartan simplicity, but in these days when people are demanding something that will appeal to the asthetic as well as to the purely intellectual side, we are strangely b hind the times.

To draw a practical conclusion, why cannot some one interested in the welfare of the college and its institutions design a cover, at least, for the college paper and secure enough money to make it serviceable to us. In our present straitened circumstances, the board cannot go to any further expense, but if some alumnus or friend of Middlebury would do so much for the UNDERGRADUATE, we would have a more presentable paper and the donor would have the thanks of all our readers.

SOME instances of personal bravery border on foolhardiness. Such was the case when, on Thursday night, Nov. 19, some one placed a Freshman banner on top of the chapel steeple. The night was very cold, with a strong north wind and this, added to the perilous climbing, made the act a most dangerous one. That it was done in good shape and that the banner looked very fine the next morning floating in the breeze with its blue, white, and gold there is no denying. But, nevertheless, are such things worth risking so great dangers for? It seems to us not. Class loyalty is a good thing and everyone should do their best to elevate their class. But do such deeds as these tend towards this end? To be sure, they may arouse something of class enthusiasm and on this

account may be commended. But it is the good, honest, everyday work both in studies and in the athletic field, rather than these occasional spurts of questionable character, that truly elevates any class. The Freshmen have already shown that there are some excellent students and also some excellent athletes among their number. Here, then, they have a good foundation for a record that will do honor to Middlebury college in its one-hundreth anniversary. Let them exert themselves along these lines and see that every one does his duty. Then there will be no inclination or desire for such rash acts which make a class notorious. We do not mean that students should do nothing else but study and work, for good times they must and will have. But there are many ways of enjoyment in which life and limb are not endangered. To be sure, the example of putting a flag on the chapel steeple was set by a former class, but that is no reason why it should be done now. We believe that if all will look at this in the right light such things will come into popular disfavor. The danger in this case was twofold as one of the Sophs. was instigated to climb up and tear the flag down. There has been some talk of putting another banner up in place of the one torn down, but we believe that the good sense of the Freshman class will discourage it and that the matter will be allowed to blow over.

IT is eminently the place of a college paper to criticise and to offer suggestions. What we have to say has elements of both criticism and suggestion. Middlebury should have at least one distinctive song. Time after time, when anything happens to arouse our enthusiasm, we fall back on the only song we have that in any way is distinctive of our college, and that is merely an adaptation of another college song. What we need and what we must have in order to maintain our standing in the college world is a new song, one that breathes of Middlebury enthusiasm, one that will bring back to us remembrances of our college life; finally, one that belongs to Middlebury and Middlebury alone.

To say that we have talent enough for this among our members would be gratuitous information, but why doesn't it show itself? If it is merely because attention has never been called to it, that excuse will no longer hold. If it is because of modesty, throw off that bashfulness and set your powers to work. Surely before the centennial comes, we trust that the campus will re-echo with a new song, a Middlebury song, written for the college by our own men and sung with enthusiastic voices by the lovers of "Dear Old Midd."

WE are glad to note the formation of the debating club. This is a line of work in which we have been more or less remiss and a renewed interest in it is a healthful sign. There appears to be much earnestness over the project and our only hope is that it will prove such a success and of so much practical benefit that it may be sustained in coming years.

THE return from the Thanksgiving recess brings thoughts of pain. Out of the joy of that festive occasion, into the reality of reviews and examinations, perchance into the fearful conditions, that is a prospect that dims somewhat the pleasant remembrances of home-going.

IN the midst of all your other work, though it may be hard and tedious, do not forget the UNDERGRADUATE. In the Christmas time make a present to it of some short article, representing only a small part of your time.

LITERARY.

AMERICAN HUMOUR.

Subject matter for writing may be gleaned from almost any source. In proof of this, let me urge upon your notice the fact that the subject of the present discourse was directly suggested while a group of us were talking with two of our grave and learned faculty men. And let me say now that if any of the illustrations here presented should waken in your hearts echoes of the past you ought to remember from what source these data were taken and bestow the blame where it really belongs.

It is said that on a hot August day a certain man, in despair of ever again being comfortable, went out into the orchard and threw himself on the ground exclaiming, "Breathe if you want to, I shan't!" This touches a responsive chord in our hearts, but a German would see nothing in it. Read an Englishman from any of our daily papers as follows: "John Smith looked down the barrel of his gun to see if it was loaded. It was." And that Englishman will re-

mained unmoved. It takes a violent joke to amuse him. If he goes into his neighbor's back door-yard and the bulldog there eats his clothes half off him he thinks its funny. He must feel as well as see his jokes. Then, too, humour in the form of puns, although by no means confined to our continent, is readier and wittier here than elsewhere. These points are perhaps sufficient to show the distinctively national character of our humour, which can be ap preciated and perpetuated only by a real Yankee.

The brethren of a certain denomination have what they know as a "local exhorter" and it was in lieu of this that Bob Burdette called himself a "locust ex hauster". This illustrates the readiness of our humour.

Again, a man living in a town where the station was at the foot of a flight of stairs would have lost his train one day had it not been for an orange peel on the top step. And in the same line with the last is the following anecdote: Several years ago at a church centennial celebration a number of letters were read from old church members who could not be present. One writer expressed the hope that he might be with them at the next centennial, although unable to meet them at this; whereupon an enthusiastic brother called out, "We'll give him a warm reception!" These last two illustrations serve to show how suggestive our humour is.

And now we have seen that American humour is distinct from that of other nations; we have noted its readiness and suggestiveness, and can only conclu e that it is a very good kind of humour. If this be so, there is a moral involved. We have a duty to per form. Let us all be as funny as we can.

HERR SENIOR.

"Yes, Jones is queer, sort of rough and shaggy on the surface, but you'll find him an all-round good fellow—provided you get acquainted with him. Very few have the patience to go beneath the prickly shell of the exterior man, but at the first look or repellant gesture they leave him and so miss a rare treat." Thus at length spoke a Junior to a Sophomore as they were slowly coming down the long walk through the park, one afternoon in September. "Well", quickly responded the Sophomore, "It seems to me that I've heard something about sugar-coated vices and pepper-coated virtues. For my part, give me a little sugar coating. I'm not fond of cold shower baths."

Such a long earnest speech between two, who had evidently started out for a frolic, is enough at Middlebury to call forth an explanation.

The Sophomore, Junior and Senior were all men of the same fraternity. Senior Jones was a queer fellow —everyone admitted. Only one professor in college understood him. He was a fine student, good athlete, but quiet and reserved in the extreme; and he was apt to speak in a quick, harsh voice, with little regard for the sugar-coating of politeness. The college girls said that when he bowed to them it was as if he considered it a college rule which must be observed, as he hardly looked at them in the act. They wondered if he did not often make a mistake and raise his hat to some post or tree. He was of a very large and powerful frame, with flesh not uniformly placed upon it, and while his face was one to excite interest, it did not invite investigation. He always spoke indifferently of religion, but was known to be of a thoroughly upright character, and, though poor, seemed untroubled by it. The word *queer* is, after all, the only one to express it. The students, understanding this, often spoke of him as "Middlebury's Unsolved Problem."

The Sophomore, who had spoken, was feeling a little hurt. He had felt Jones' burr and was still irritated by its prickle. He had in all kindness and sincerity asked him to be a sharer in the afternoon's pleasure and had received a gruff refusal calculated to cool the ardor of even a brother fraternity man. The Junior, knowing nothing of the reasons, yet believed in his Senior implicitly.

While these two friends were still discussing Jones, that person was rapidly walking down the street with bowed head and thoughtful face. The first dry goods store he came to he walked in and demanded to be shown the ribbons. Making his selection of a yard each from two kinds, he paid for it from a very lean looking purse, which looked still thinner when he returned it to his pocket; then after making another purchase of a small jar of jelly in a neighboring store, he turned back toward the college. But upon reaching a little low house about midway to the college grounds he stopped and having glanced hastily about, opened the door and stepped quickly in.

The room which he entered was so small that it seemed entirely filled with his presence. The low ceiling was within dangerous proximity to his head, while the stove, table and chairs seemed to vie with

each other in taking up the greatest possible amount of room. A woman stood at the table ironing, bending weary-looking shoulders over the board; but, as she turned about at the sound of footsteps, the whole of her care-worn face lighted up at sight of Jones, and she quickly said, "Ach, Herr Senior! It ist so gut of you to come again already! Your visits are as Heaven to Gertrude, and"—"There, that will do, Mrs. K." curtly interrupted Jones. "If you believe in Heaven don't undervalue it so, but, the child—I suppose with that eternal ironing on hand you don't know whether she's better or not. You ought to"—"Daf ist one of Herr Senior's jokes", said Mrs. K. Herr Senior knows how I love mine kind." "Yes, yes, Mrs. K. I know you love her, but can I see her?" Silently she assented, going before him into the room adjoining; then, after being assured that her child was awake, went back to her eternal ironing.

The room into which Jones now stepped was smaller, if possible, than the kitchen and was alike guiltless of carpet and paper. The bed and one chair constituted the furniture. In front of the bed was a heavy rug which some of the college men would have recognized as the same adorning Jones' room at a previous time. The walls were covered with fancy pictures, which would also have explained why that Senior had lately taken such a craze for collecting cheap chromos. Upon the bed lay a little girl of seven or eight years. Her large eyes were sunken, and the freckled face was so pale and wan that the freckles were hardly noticeable. Her hair was red and curly. She had an old-fashioned speech and had entirely lost her mother's broken accent. Holding out both her thin, little hands at sight of her visitor she exclaimed in a weak voice, "O my Herr Senior"! Going to the bedside he bent his burly form, and gave the expected kiss, taking both the little, white hands in one of his big muscular ones. But who was Gertude?

The story takes us back to the preceding spring, when Jones, one day, was coasting down the college hill on a wheel. Suddenly, far down he saw a runaway horse, and, right in front of the almost flying animal, a little girl was crossing the street. With all his might he yelled to the child, at the same time increasing his own speed to what would have been marvelous in a race. But it was of no avail. When he reached the scene, the horse had whirled off on a side street, and the child lay in an unconscious little heap in the middle of the street. Bending over, he tried to restore consciousness to her, but seeing he could not, gathered her in his strong arms and carried her to the nearest house and knocked. A woman came to the door, but, before Jones could ask if the child was hers, broke into such a passion of tears, intermingled with German and English questions and exclamations, that he feared he would soon have another patient on his hands. Two women to be taken care of, and he had never known what to do with one before. Assuring the mother that her child was not dead, he brushed past her and laid little Gertrude upon the bed where we now find her a cripple. After that day he visited her a little while out of curiosity to know how she fared, but now a deep bond of love bound him to this little freckle-faced child, while she looked upon him as her guardian angel; she clung to him with deep affection, reposed upon him all the childish confidences of a little life soon to be transferred to another world, called him, "My Herr Senior" and endeared herself to him in a dozen ways. In her room he was another being, blithe and merry as a boy, loving and tender as a girl, so that not one of his comrades would have recognized him.

Today he noticed with a pang of pain that she was much worse than usual. Observing his sad look she said with a caress, "Yes, my Herr Senior, you need not come tomorrow to see Gertrude; she will not be here. But don't feel bad. Let us have a last nice time today", and she looked expectantly toward his pockets, too weak to make the accustomed search for herself. With an effort he controlled himself, and, drawing forth the ribbon and jar of jelly, tried to enjoy, as usual her pleased look and quaint remarks. After a little she told him to take away the jelly saying, "Mother must eat that when I am"—— The ribbon she drew lovingly through her thin fingers, pressing it with her languid hand to her cheek, admiring the bright colors—her Herr Senior's class colors—and it was only yesterday that he had discovered how she longed to see them, to have some for her very own. With trembling fingers she endeavored to fashion a knot, and seeing her desire he clumsily made a bow and fastened it on her gown, where she could see it. But the satisfied look in her eyes again changed to one of wistfulness. "What is it, my little Gertrude", he said bending over her. "My Herr Senior", she began, "it is a long time

since I could kneel by my bed to say my prayer. This last night, here, at home I want to do it so much, but won't you do it for me, my Herr Senior" she finished anxiously. To kneel down by that bed to pray? Why he hadn't done it since he used to kneel so long ago by his mother's knee. Could he? A great lump rose in his throat and tears hid his vision, as he simply said, "I'll try, little Gertrude; perhaps God will hear me." And there, kneeling by that bed, the strong man became as a little child once more, as he slowly repeated in sob-choked voice the words of the dear old prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." Rising he found Gertrude asleep, and softly kissing her again and again in this long, last good-bye he left the room and the house, murmuring, his face all tear wet, with lips upon which that last kiss still lingered, "A little child shall lead them."

MUD.

This is something which we are all well acquainted with, if frequent meeting constitutes acquaintanceship. But, strange to say, we do not hold it as a close friend, though oft it sticketh closer than a brother. We do not welcome it, though we find it so hard to part with it. Indeed, we positively despise it. for though it does not exactly lead us into temptation, yet through it we continually slip and fall.

In olden legends we read of those whom deadly war compelled to bite the dust. But in modern times it is merely the old fashioned law of gravitation that makes us bit the mud. Why is that not just as appropriate a figure of speech as "biting the dust"? And the scriptural sayings about ten thousand falling at thy right hand is just as true in these days of mud as in the olden days of war. But there is one distinction. In the nineteenth centnry it does come nigh thee. Ah, man, how you rejoice when your neighbor sits down in the most delightful mixture of mud that has ever been conceived for human discomfiture. Short lived is your joy, for scarcely has your laughter died away when your carefully polished shoes have made a lasting though sudden acquaintance with a still more beautiful concoction.

It would be vain to enter into a detailed account of the composition of mud. If you are are tempted to undertake such a rash enterprise, let me advise you to wait till the middle of summer when there is no mud, or surely you will declare that mud is a carefully and accurately compounded mess of clay, ink, mucilage and plaster of paris. It would, indeed, require no wonderful imagination to conceive of the last three as elements in the ordinary every-day mud.

Even though the streets of heaven are paved with gold, surely one of the most delightful features of that eternal city will be that there we will find no mud. The millenium on the earth will surely never come until we have good streets, good sidewalks and no mud.

MIDDLEBURY VERSE.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

O, holy night, with calmness tense,
As it great, mystic Nature's sense
Were waiting now the evidence
  That mortal woe should cease—
O, starry messenger of light,
Whose astral beauty decks the night,
Diffusing in the heart the bright,
  Eternal glow of peace—
Exultingly proclaim the birth
Of God incarnate come to earth!

O, mighty, sweet, seraphic choir,
With glittering robe and golden lyre
And lip aflame with fervid fire,
  Sweep ye athwart the sky!
Shout! Shout aloud! Break forth and sing
Your praises to your infant king!
Adown the ages let it ring!
  "Glory to God on high!
Salvation to the world again!
Peace upon earth! Good will to men!"

D. P. H.

OTIUM CUM DIG, NIT.

Work, work, work,
  No smile, no smirk;
Work, work, work.
  No quip, no quirk
  No check, no chirk,
Work, work, work.

Plug, plug, plug,
  We toil, we tug;
Plug, plug, plug.

Fill up the jug,
Pull out the plug,
Fill up the mug,
Plug, plug, plug.

Cram, cram, cram,
We jump, we jam;
Cram, cram, cram,
No kiss, no ca'm,
No bliss, no ba'm,
No song, no psa'm,
No kick, just cram,
Cram, cram, cram!

RUSHING.

In the middle of September
In the year of ninety-six,
There came unto this college
Freshmen—one from forty-six.

As the sun rose o'er the mountains
On the morn to Midd. they came,
You could see the upper classmen
Hustling—each about the same.

Why the cause of this commotion,
Reader, don't you see?
Then unto you forever
'Twill remain a mystery.

Soon the shriek of locomotive
Smote the clear September air,
Reminding every one to hasten
And of lateness to beware.

Then unto the village station
Men and co-eds all did go,
The most arrayed in best apparel
And with faces all aglow.

There was not much conversation
Except in groups of four or five,
But as soon as car doors opened
Talk began on every side.

'Twas a pleasure to but notice
How cordial all did seem to be,
Introductions, talking, smiling,
Carrying grips—truckmen to see.

The Freshman, weary, homesick,
Forgot his woes to hide;
Told them to his new found brother
Received sympathy, and an invitation to a ride.

Straightway this upper classman
Thought he'd secured a crush
When there came one, classmate, maybe;
Said to Freshie, without blush—

"In me without once failing
Will you find a man to trust,
Have you secured a roommate?
I always sweep and dust.

Have you anything to hinder
This afternoon at four,
Taking a row upon the river
For an hour or so or more?"

At last when he was settled
In his room at ——— Hall
And his trunk began unpacking
Letting now a soft tear fall;

Came a knock upon his door post
And a voice without cries,
"My dear fellow, pardon my
Abruptness—no, do not rise—

Can I help you in unpacking?
What a stunning hat!
Could you visit me this evening?
I called to ask you that."

Then this Freshman, all bewildered,
Looked upon this last new chum
As the best, most cordial fellow
He had seen since *school* begun.

And the co-ed in her chamber
Was surrounded by new friends,
And she thought them all so charming
Of their kindness knew no end.

She, too, had invitations
Enough to last two weeks,
Boating, rides, walks and receptions,
Each in pleasant company to seek.

Too much study for the babies
Was thought not for their health,
So while one friend solved a problem,
Another gave translations—from his wealth.

Well, these Freshmen thought they'd struck it
O so awfully fine!
By everything desired surrounded
And every one so kind.

Very soon a question subtle
Was given them to expound.
Could they? Would they? O the trials!
Finally their answer found.

Now the spiking safely over
This Freshman has a rest,
"Study hard" is given as a motto;
"Too much play is not at all best."

MARCUS MAYNARD CARLETON.

Freshman in Class of 1848.

Furnished by J. J. H. Gregory, Esq., of the same class, by request of President Rankin.

Friend Rankin:—You ask for college reminiscences of Carleton—Marcus Maynard Carleton. In college, he never knew where his next dollar would come from, but was of too sanguine a disposition to worry about it. When vacation approached, he went to the American Tract Society, Boston, got a few Bibles and religious books and tracts, and by selling these from house to house, paid his way and footed it to his distant home. Wherever Sunday found him, he exhorted or preached as opportunity offered.

He was a great lover of nature, with a strong taste for natural sciences. And I remember, on one occasion, having met a man of similar taste, he went off with him to some new, uncatalogued mineral localities, and there pounded and explored with such a forgetful zeal, that he tore his clothes pretty well to pieces, and had to beg of his friend a large old camlet cloak to cover his nakedness; and with this he walked to his home, not daring to remove it at any stage of his journey.

A simple country-boy when he entered Middlebury, yet he was a manly fellow. Youngsters, like H——, of my class, endeavored to impose upon him. One night H—— climbed into his window, bent on some mischief, when Carleton sprang toward him, and shut him in, half-way through, and held him there till he begged forgiveness and promised better fashions in the future. Once, when teaching in Pelham, where a certain doctor who was one of the school committee and *the* man of the place, accustomed to have every one do just as he, a slack man, dictated, came in as usual, after the closing examination of the school was well under way, and ordered Carleton to begin again. Carleton refused and kept right along against the emphatic protestations of the local autocrat, who declared he would lay the matter before the president of his college, which, of, course, he never did.

Carleton was a great walker. One week, I recall, we figured up our excursions and they averaged fourteen miles a day. That, I think, was during the short vacation. His health was so poor, with a racking cough, that the American board would not send him as a missionary. He went under appointment of the Presbyterian board. That was about forty years ago, and till within two or three years he has led a most active life. Now he has retired with his wife to a mountain home, where, surrounded with the fruits and vegetables of New England, they make welcome for a season of rest all the weary and worn of their acqnaintance in the missionary field. Finding that the present location is rather too warm for the best development of apples and pears, he has recently secured another location at a greater height and there he has a house devoted to the use of single women of the missionary field, as a place of rest and recuperation. I have now a long list of fruits and vegetables to send him in December to be planted there.

During some parts of his active life, Carleton took his family—wife and six children—and in a wagon travelled, preaching from place to place, depending more or less upon his gun to supply them with food. Throughout all his India life he has been wide-awake, greatly interested in natural science, a collector and a keen observer. Of one interesting matter, the effect upon health of the eating of the cooked flesh of animals that died of disease, he wrote me some details. The people to whom belong by custom the remains of such animals are of the lowest caste. During a terrible animal epidemic, when thousands of animals died of a disease akin to putrid fever and this class almost subsisted on their flesh, Carleton carefully examined into their state of health, comparing notes with an English surgeon, and they both came to the conclusion that they were among the healthiest people they had ever known.

Carleton founded a Christian village, that the people might have an object lesson, to show what Christianity did for the home and the community, especially in the way of honesty and truth, in business matters. One result was, that merchants came there in preference, to trade. Carleton has written recently of his great rejoicing that the missionary societies now compel the native churches to do what he has

long advocated; namely, to take care of themselves and so develop masculine Christianity, to the weeding out of shams.

Carleton's wife and children came to America, the children to be educated. Three of the boys" graduated at Amherst and the two girls went to Wellesley. Two daughters and one son returned to India; one daughter and the son thoroughly educated physicians and surgeons. They have had an immense practice; 25.000 cases in a single year. The daughter founded the first free public reading room for natives that exists in India: and leading native princes took part in the opening exercises. She (her name is Jessie) happened to be in one of the villages a year or two ago, where the Asiatic cholera suddenly broke out. She alone at once took charge, selecting for a pest-house a building in the outskirts. She notified the English authorities of that district and by direct personal effort stamped out the plague in a few days. What would her American sisters think of that, speaking with terror when rumor starts the story that some one is attacked a thousand miles distant? Both son and daughter are in charge of seperate leper settlements, and without posing as martyrs, they send me their winter report, without note or comment.

As I think I wrote you, Carleton has been very active in introducing new vegetables, grasses and fruits into India. In this I have had the pleasure, as seedman, of lending a hand. Our corns and our squashes have proved to be a great acquisition. The Grand Senechal sent for him, thanked him personally for what he had done and presented him with one hundred G. K.'s and the next year. at another interview, offered him the position of commissioner of agriculture, or its equivalent. Of this, I think, I wrote you. Carleton has adopted many deserted children and put them in the way of self-help, teaching a number of them to collect minerals and get and stuff birds and reptiles for the colleges and collectors of this country. While his family were in this country, he provided for his own necessities, including the cutting and making of his own clothes, and with what success, the comment of an English friend, as given me by his daughters, gives me this inkling: "I am in doubt," said he, "whether Mr. Carleton suggests to me more vividly John the Baptist or Robinson Crusoe." His whole life is thus among the people and to them he seems something next to their gods. All the troubled, sick or discouraged come to him from all the region for comfort and assistance. He is now seventy-three years of age, after having borne forty years of the tropics, a shoulder weak to start with. We have interchanged letters monthly for forty years. And I have taken care that he should be well supplied with the papers and magazines of the day; for his poor health forbids his ever coming back to this country again. So much for an outline of my friend Carleton, his family and his life, to which you are welcome. I have often thought of your own economies in college. It was told that yourself, Blanchard and Case boarded yourselves in college, keeping your expenses of every kind for the year within $125.

Yours truly,

J. J. H. GREGORY.

A NOTE SUPPLEMENTARY.

The truth about Case, Blanchard and Rankin is that our board cost us forty cents a week, and Blanchard had five cents additional for doing the cooking. The cooking stove was in his room. We had johnny-cake, potatoes and ham for breakfast; johnny-cake and milk for lunch, and milk and johnny-cake for supper; and sometimes we went into the woods and gathered beechnuts for our dessert. Well, Case and Blanchard, both ministers, are gone to eat bread in the Kingdom of the Father. And this Carleton, of whom Mr. Gregory tells such a wonderful story, will soon join their company, and participate with them in the great reward. May none of the class of 1848 be left out!

J. E. RANKIN.

ALUMNI NEWS.

[Any alumni or others who have old programs, announcements or papers of college interest would confer a favor on the college by sending them to Prof. Sanford. In view of the coming centennial, it is desired to collect a series of articles which would be of interest to friends or graduates of the college.]

'48. We were recently much pleased to receive a number of the writings and songs of Pres. Rankin of Howard University, Washington, D. C. President Rankin's songs are to be found in many of our hymn books and these are fully equal to any he has written before. One entitled "I will not let Thee go", he wrote the words of, but the one which we like best is "Lord, let me fly to Thee", of which he has written both words and music. "Westward across the wave"

is written in honor of the early God-fearing settlers who laid the foundations of our land. "Comrades, good night", for Memorial day, dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic, is for male voices. The words are beautiful and in thorough keeping with the tender thought of the song. In the November number of the *Howard Standard* is the baccalaureate discourse delivered by Pres. Rankln, May 24, on "Every man his crown." Those of us who heard Mr. Rankin two years ago remember well his powerful diction and burning thoughts. We have also obtained the address which we spoke of in our last issue on "Bishop Keane as a Philanthropist." It shows a broadness which will do away with creeds and recognize true manhood everywhere. "The Ethics of the School room," discusses questions which are of practical interest to all of us, and lastly we were pleased to get a copy of his poem "The Parson's Got to Go." It is well written and deals with some of the modern church problems in Pres. Rankin's happy way. These contributions will be placed in the library and will be accessible to those who will desire a closer acquaintanceship with the work of our famous alumni. We also publish in this number the article on Mr. Carleton, which we obtained through the kindness of Pres. Rankin.

'79. Prof. W. H. Hulbert of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, formerly of Marietta College, has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church of Cleveland. This is the so-called "old stone church," the mother church of the Presbyterians of Cleveland and vicinity. Situated in the heart of the city, it is a most important post, and notwithstanding its location, has a large and intelligent congregation. The character of Prof. Hulbert's work at Lane is indicated by the fact that he was only this spring elected by the trustees of that institution full professor of church history and confirmed in that position by the general assembly. Lane Seminary will part with him reluctantly, but the field opening to him in Cleveland is an exceedingly important one and the character of the work peculiarly congenial to him. The offer has come to him entirely unsought and is a high tribute to him as a preacher and practical Christian worker.

81. In the *Outlook* of Nov. 21 is an appeal by J. L. Barton, representing the A. B C. F. M., for the relief of the many orphans who are destitute in Armenia. He pictures their distress and calls for contributions in order that these children may be gathered together and cared for.

'84. Through the *Register* we receive the following clipping from the Bridgewater correspondent of the Woodstock *Standard:* "Rev. F. B. Hyde closed his pastorate here last Sunday, having accepted a call to the Congregational church in Westminster. He has endeared himself to this people by his faithful labors, and, while his going is regretted by all, he is congratulated on entering upon a larger field, for which he is so eminently fitted and wholly worthy."

ATHLETICS.

FOOT-BALL.

MIDDLEBURY 0, TROY CONFERENCE ACADEMY 0.

The last game of the season was played here Saturday, Nov. 14. The ball was kicked off by T. C. A. and caught by Batchelder, who carried it up fifteen yards. After a few small gains the ball was lost on a fumble, but was soon recovered by another fumble of the academy. At this point the ball was passed back for a kick to Wells, who sent it to T. C. A.'s twenty yard line; but Bonesteele, owing to a good interference and to the wet condition of the field, carried the ball back until he was downed by Prentiss out of bounds, past the center of the field. Now, by continued bucking of the line by Bonesteele, the ball was carried to within a yard of Middlebury's goal line, but, in attempting a centre play, the ball was fumbled and caught by Whitaker. Then in a tackle play Rice carried the ball out ten yards, when Prentiss took it and carried it fifteen more, which ended the first half.

In the second half Middlebury kicked off to Bonesteele, who brought it up fifteen yards. He was then sent around left end for a good gain, but lost when trying the other end. In the next play Middlebury obtained the ball by a fumble and Rice went through left tackle for a good gain in the next, but the ball was taken back ten yards by an off-side play. By rushing Prentiss and Whitaker around the ends the ball was being carried steadily forward, when Skeels took the ball around left end for a gain of thirty yards, bringing the ball up to within a yard and a half of her opponent's goal line. After an unsuccessful attempt to push it over the line an off-side play was called, giving the ball to T. C. A. Now, by repeatedly bucking the line, the ball was taken back to

the center of the field, when time was again called.

Bonesteele played by far the best game for the academy, although their interference was good and the line held well. For Middlebury, Skeels played an excellent defensive game and Prentiss did not fail to make a gain. In the absence of Haydon, Allen played left guard and filled the position well.

The lineup was as follows:

MIDDLEBURY.		T. C. A.
Skeels	r. end l.	McGlaughlin
Dunton	r. tackle l.	Brockway
Hubbard	r. guard l.	Sturtevant
Waterman	center	Schemerhorn
Allen	l. guard r.	Cassidy
Foster	l. tackle r.	Rowell
Whitaker	l. end r.	Walker
Batchelder	q. b.	Robinson
Rice	l. h. b.	Coldridge
Wells	f. b.	Bonesteele
Prentiss	r. h. b.	Myres

Immediately after the game, at a meeting of the team, Homer L. Skeels was again elected as captain. From the showing of this year's team and through the added experience of both captain and players, we may well expect a much stronger team next year than this year. But five men who have played this year will be gone probably, so let it be the object of every man to get other men here next year who may develop into football players.

On November 25th the football team lined up for the last time before Mr. Jackson's camera, that the likeness of their shaggy locks and awful features might fill future teams with the desire for blood and glory.

The out door sports for this season ended on Friday afternoon by the fall meet at the fair grounds. It appropriately closed a successful foot-ball season by bringing all the students who are interested in the college sports into direct touch with them. We can safely say that every man with any interest at all was either entered as a contestant or else was an interested spectator.

The fall meet was hastily arranged and was intended as preliminary to the field day to be held next spring. Owing to the lateness of the season, the day on which it was held was cold and windy; this, together with the roughness of the track, accounts for the comparatively small records made. The contests were between the four classes, the class receiving the most points being presented with a banner.

Following is the list of event that took place, with the names of the winners:

100 yard dash—9 contestants. 1st, Wheeler, 1900, in 12 sec.; 2nd, Halpin, '98; 3d, Hinman, '98.

Throwing 16 pound hammar—3 contestants. Skeels, '98, and Allen, 1900, tie with 59 feet, 3 inches; 3d Hubbard, '99.

Standing broad jump—7 contestants. 1st, Wheeler, 1900, 9 feet, 7¼ inches; 2d, Halpin, '98; 3d, Janes, 1900.

Half-mile walk—5 contestants. 1st, Collins, 1900, 4 minutes, 29 seconds; 2d, Sessions, '98; 3d, C. O. Smith, '99.

Standing hop, step and jump—8 contestants. 1st, Wheeler, 1900, 28 feet, 4¼ inches; 2d, Skeels, '98; 3d, Halpin, '98.

Half-mile run—5 contestants. 1st, Batchelder, 1900, 2 minutes, 26 seconds; 2d, Ranslow, 1900; 3d, Rice, '98.

Running broad jump—7 contestants. 1st, Wheeler, 1900, 17 feet, 8¼ inches; 2d, Skeels, '98; 3d, Halpin, '98.

Throwing base ball—4 contestants. 1st, Waterman, '99, 286 feet, 9½ inches; 2d, Wells '98; 3d, Parkhurst, '97.

220 yard run—5 contestants. 1st, Halpin, '98, 27 seconds; 2d Batchelder, 1900; 3d, Skeels, '98.

Pole vault—4 contestants. 1st, Wheeler, 1900, 7 feet, 4 inches; 2d, Bridgham, '97; 3d, Munroe, 1900.

Half-mile relay race, contested by '97, '98 and 1900. 1st, '98 Hinman, Wells, Lobban, Dunton, Skeels and Halpin in 1 minute, 47 seconds; 2d, 1900, Wheeler, Bryant, Houghton, Ranslow, Stetson and Horton; 3d, '97, Bridgham, Cadwell, Russel, Brown, Parkhurst and Haydon.

Total number of points, 99; '97 won 4, '98 won 37, '99 won 7, 1900 won 51 and the banner.

At the close of these events it was found necessary to omit the high jumps, the backward run and the running hop, step and jump, in order that the Sophomore-Freshman cane rush might be held before dark, as this event had been arranged to come off in connection with the meet. It took place in the centre of the track, Hubbard, '99, and Allen, 1900, holding the cane. The rush lasted four or five minutes, at the close of which the referee decided that '99 had won, the cane being three feet from the center line and on their territory.

The officials for the cane rush were: Referee, Prof. McGilton; linesmen for 1900, Halpin, '98, Dunton, '98; for '99, Bridgham, '97, Haydon, '97.

The officials for the meet were: Judges, Professors Sanford and Bryant; starter, Prof. McGilton; measurer, Parkhurst, '97; clerk of course, Botsford, '98; timer, Mr. Winch

The meet was as successful as could be hoped for, considering the weather and condition of the track. Much enthusiasm was shown, and, best of all, the old-time class spirit and rivalry were exhibited to quite a degree. It is to be hoped that the men who succeeded in this meet, and others beside, will get into the gymnasium this winter and put in some good practice. With very little effort we can have a track team here which will do honor to the college and be a source of pride to every student.

LIBRARY NOTES.

A valuable copy of "Anacreon" which has been missing from the library was recently returned anonymously. It is a handsome Stephanus of 1554 bound in full calf, gilt, and may be counted among the treasures of our library.

The library is indebted to the Hon. Fred J. Field, State Inspector of Finance, for an advance copy of his Finance Report for 1896; also to Prof. Howard and Mason S. Stone, State Superintendent of Education, for advance copies of the School Report.

A copy of Hubert's "Inventors" ("Men of Achievement Series") has been donated to the library by Hon. Cyrus H. McCormick of Chicago. The book contains among others a short biographical sketch of Mr. McCormick's father, of reaper and binder fame.

The library has received from Hon. Henry W. Hill of the Buffalo bar and member of the New York constitutional convention of 1894, a copy of his paper on the "Development of Constitutional Law in New York State", given before the Buffalo Historical society, April 13, 1896.

The October number of the "Botanical Gazette", published by the University of Chicago, contains an article on "The Phalloideae of the United States" by Dr. Burt. It may be found on the periodical table of the library reading room. It is on the same lines of investigation as his paper recently published in the "Annals of Botany".

Henry Matson's "References for Literary Workers" has been placed upon the reference shelves. It will be especially useful to the recently organized debating club of the Senior and Junior classes, but its wide range of subjects and full bibliography, under each topic of "best books" and critical articles and essays make it an invaluable guide for writers in search of "material."

During the Thanksgiving vacation changes were made in the shelving of floor "A" which it is hoped have been in the line of improvement both as to appearance and convenience. The current-periodical desk has been moved into the adjoining reading-room, where may now be found the "Nation", "Critic", "Academy" and "Harper's Weekly" as well as the principal magazines and reviews. The shelving on the south side of floor "A" has been rebuilt, two of its tiers assigned to reference books in the department of natural science and the foreign reviews located together in the adjoining tiers.

Patrons of our "small-college" library will find food for thought in a statement contained in Pres. James B. Angell's last "Report to the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan". He says: "I desire to urge the Regents to consider earnestly the feasibility of setting apart a certain number of books which students may be allowed to draw from the library and take to their rooms for a limited period. Believing that such use of certain books will be much more advantageous to the readers, I have long looked forward to the time when it would be practicable for us to permit it. I have always thought that when the number of volumes approached 100,000, we might safely give this larger liberty to students under certain restrictions. Of course only certain classes of books could thus be spared from the library. Many copies of certain books will be needed. The expense of service at the desk may be a little increased. The risk of loss is perhaps somewhat enhanced. But after all proper weight is given to these facts, we have to remember that the library is the great central power in the instruction given in the university and that the books are here not to be locked up and kept away from readers, but to be placed at their disposal with the utmost freedom compatible with safety and with the general and equal convenience of all the students."

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

The Y. M. C. A. meetings have been very well attended recently, and an increase in the interest taken in them is a direct result. The Christian Association should count for something in Middlebury and we can help that movement forward by attendance at the meetings.

The Sunday morning meetings are a source of much spiritual strength to those who attend them and this idea is proving itself a success by its practical results.

In our work we sometimes overlook the help we get from the International Committee for Colleges and we fail to give them our financial support. The committee are at present in financial embarrassment and we ought to be willing to do our share in supporting them. We have received many benefits at their

hands and as they ask only a little from us, let us make a little sacrifice and help the committee.

In his college life, one of the most vital problems that comes before a young man is what his life-work shall be. The Christian man, who has determined to work for God in some way, usually turns either to the ministry or to missionary work, but a channel is now open to young college men which offers an opportunity for even more efficient work than in either of the other two. We refer to the position of general secretary in Y. M. C. A. work. An appeal has recently come to us from the Secretarial Institute and Training School of Young Men's Christian Associations for men, pre-eminently college men, to devote their education and ability to this work. The Association work is constantly becoming broader and deeper and there is an ever-increasing demand that men shall direct it who, by reason of training and culture, are able to be models for those whom they are placed over. It is not too much to say that the position of general secretary demands more talent and entails more responsibility than that of most clergymen. As the work broadens. the call becomes more emphatic for men that have had a broad education joined to a more special training in the Association Training School. Here is a line of work that we have not heard much about in Middlebury, but the call is urgent, and we would do well to think of this opportunity seriously.

LOCALS.

Whitney, '97, has returned to college after a long siege of illness.

Brown, '97, preached in the Methodist church the Sunday after Thanksgiving.

On the evening of the field-day, Miss Baird, '99, entertained the Sophomore class.

The Junior promenade promises to surpass anything that has yet taken place in that line.

Prof. Howard, with Mr. and Mrs. Higley, received all the stop-overs on Thanksgiving evening.

The leaves on the campus have been partly raked up recently, much improving its appearance.

We are glad to see that some men are looking out for the meet next spring by work in the gymnasium.

On the Monday before Thanksgiving Prof. and Mrs. Burt welcomed a little stranger into their family—a boy.

On the Saturday evening following Thanksgiving Prof. and Mrs. Wright entertained all the students in town at their home.

There is a good prospect of our having a cinder track put in around the ball field so that practice may be had on it for the spring meet.

At the class election of the Seniors Parkhurst was elected president. The commencement committee consists of Haydon, Bridgham and Cadwell.

The boarding hall was shut down during the Thanksgiving recess and the boys who stayed at college had some experience in boarding themselves.

The annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity was held in Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 12 and 13 with the central Tennessee Alumni Association. Middlebury was represented by B. L. Haydon, '97. He left the Monday before the convention and returned the following Monday.

In the December *Forum* is an article by Prof. David McG. Means, who was professor of Political and Mental Science here from 1877 to 1880, on "Will Government by the People Endure?" It is one of three articles under the heading, "The Election; Its Lessons and its Warnings."

The make-up of the Glee Club has been announced as follows: 1st tenor, Howard, '99; 2d tenors, Waterman, '99, Lane, 1900; 1st basso, Hurlburt, '99, Botsford, 1900, Wheeler, 1900, Tangney, 1900, Houghton, 1900; 2d basso, Hubbard, '99, Stone, '99, Barnard, 1900, Carlson, 1900. Under the leadership of Williamson, '96, the club is rapidly getting into shape.

The first meeting of the debating club was held Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 1. The subject was, "Has the use of machinery been, on the whole, beneficial to the laboring class?" Affirmative, Cadwell and Rice; negative, Sessions. The next meeting will be on Dec. 15. The subject will be, "Do the advantages of the jury system outweigh its disadvantages?" Affirmative. Brown and Halpin; negative, Bliss and Botsford.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Li Hung Chang graduated at the head of a class of 15,000.